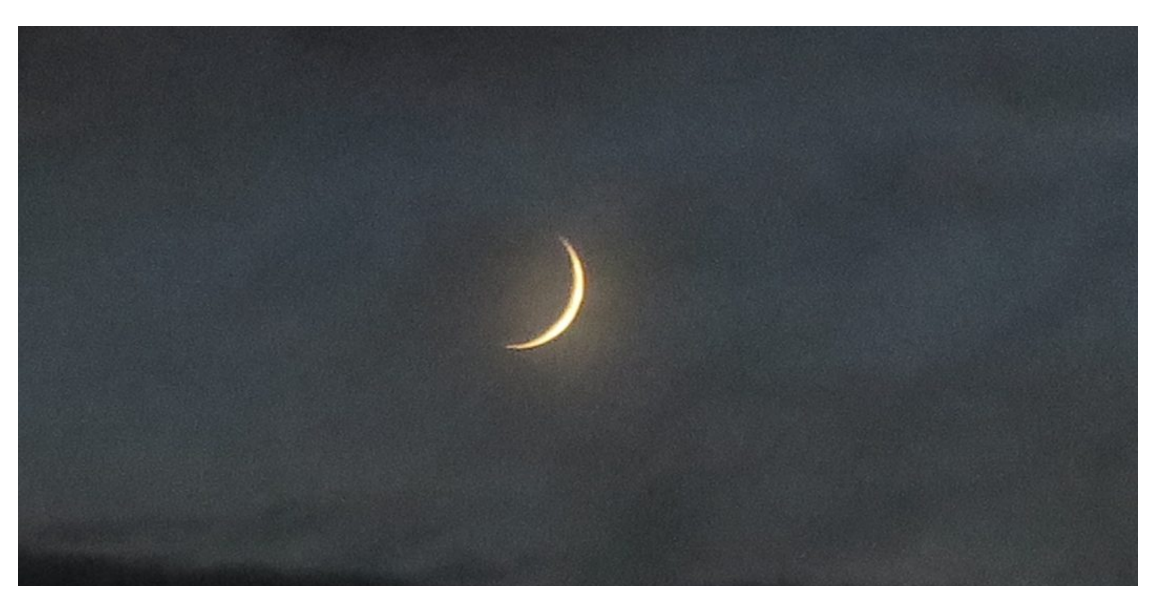
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CRAIG HICKMAN 2017-07-16

LET DEATH COME QUICKLY

NECROPOLITICS BODY OF DEATH, END OF THE WORLD, NIETZSCHE, PESSIMISM

FROM A SERIES OF TWEETS – A DARK PESSIMIST VS. AN ULTRA-OPTIMIST (A DAILY RANT – BEWARE!):

We worry over Trump while the planet burns… is this not madness?

Humanity is a transitional thing… who wants to stay its execution. The guillotine is readying itself whether we will or no.

Think on a couple things: Sixth Extinction and Climacteric Collapse.

For decades we've hashed this over, and nothing yet has been learned. Not much hope that such will change as the future implodes on us… humans are slow learners, it takes an apocalyptic event to wake them…

That's the problem: we're human… study the atrocity of human history. Humans hate themselves, each other, and their planet… nothing will be done, nothing will change. One should assume the worst case scenario and begin making plans to leave the planet, else openly revolt against the insanity. There will be no third way, no third options… no saviors, redeemers… we are alone with the alone.

Fight or sink… no one is truly prepared to face the horror and violence ahead, we continue deliriously to play our blame games while the fires roar and seep into our moment from the future. Strip the Biblical Apocalypse of its supernatural veneer and then push it to the nth degree, then you might just come to a realization of our future…

Do I presume to prophesy? No. I only see the tendencies that surround me. One can continue blindly to sing the happy anthems of Optimism, but that to me is a fool's errand. I'll have none of it. I'll speak the truth as I see it. If it's an ugly truth, so be it. People can rail against me, but when the facts become plain in the future decades people will turn back and ask why we did nothing, nothing at all.

Talks, accords, speeches, book after book, conference after conference: and, yet, nothing is done; nations continue down their own paths of doom. So be it. Maybe this is what we truly want in the end: death by suicide, genocide, war, famine, disease, atrocity after atrocity, turning a blind eye to the horror of our kind, unwilling to admit that our planet is dying and we killed it.

Forget God, its the earth that we're killing in this century… we truly must have a thirst for annihilation.

Mark Fisher once termed it 'depressive realism', realizing one's sanity amid the insanity of the world depends on exiting the madness. A depression is an opening into and out of that insanity, a slow and painful withdrawal and exit from the collective delirium. Once awakened one is like those ancient Gnostics: free – and, yet, it is the freedom of the singular truth that one is alone with the alone. Sundered from the apathy of our collective herd mentality, we walk amid the inscapes of sanity like members of a new tribe: brokers for a reality void of the terrible horror of humanity. To accept that as Nietzsche's once suggested, that we are a bridge, a transition – is to become complicit with this fate, to love it: amor fati. To exit the human is to struggle for the post-human which entails sloughing off the dark heritage of the human collective and its deliriums.

But then again I should be like Joyce's famed author, indifferent and withdrawn, paring my fingernails amused at the idiocy of homo sapiens, or like Nero playing a fiddle while Rome burns – allowing humans to do what they've always done best, deny their own responsibility in what is happening. Indifferent, impersonal, non-plussed at the stupidity of our kind. Like everything else we do we love to have some scapegoat to answer for our own sins of commission or omission… today its Trump, tomorrow or the next day it'll be some other yokel… in the near future there will remain no time for blame, only death… let the death of our species come quickly.

taken from here